

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

VOL. VIII

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 9



## A New Twine for Lobster Fishing

After months of experimentation in the interest of developing a satisfactory substitute for the present high priced Manila Lobster Twine, we have perfected a Pure Manila Twine that is ideal for lobster pot heads.

The mechanical resources of our mammoth plant were utilized to convert, by a series of previous unrelated machines, a less high-grade of pure manila fibre into this Manila Trawl Twine.

In order to give the fisherman a twine that he may purchase economically, the Columbian Rope Company have placed their new Manila Trawl Twine on the market.

While it does not have the exceptional appearance of Columbian Lobster Twine, yet it is made from pure manila fibre, recognized for years as the most durable fibre when submerged in sea water.

Order this twine from your dealer and if he doesn't stock it, write direct to us.

## Columbian Rope Company

362-90 Genesee Street

Auburn, "The Cordage City" N. Y.

Branches:

New York Chicago Boston New Orleans



Boston Office and Warehouse - 38 Commercial Wharf



## *The Doryman's Friend*



## **Lothrop's Patent Fog Horn**

*Reliable---Penetrating---Simple*

The only practical protection for fishermen

Over 15,500 in use



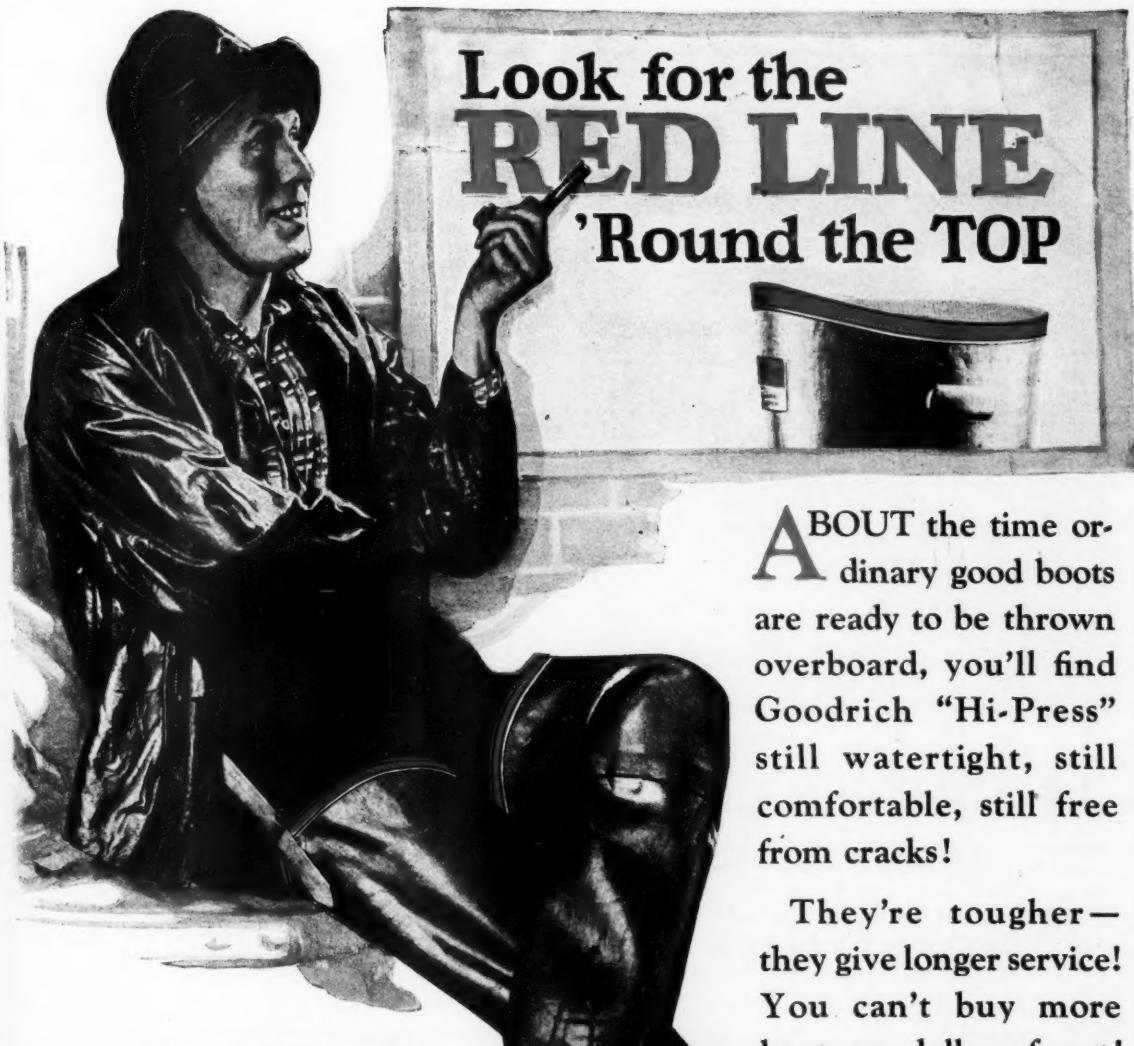
Lothrop's Patent Fog Horn

Since 1870 we have been dealers, importers and distributors of fishing supplies.

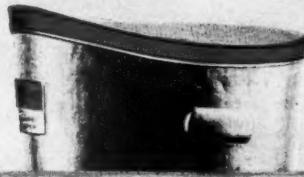
*Sole importers of the famous*  
Arthur James Fish Hooks  
Lothrop's Patent Leads  
Lothrop's Fish Knives

*Everything in Fishing Gear*

**L. D. LOTHROP'S SONS**  
Gloucester Massachusetts



Look for the  
**RED LINE**  
'Round the TOP



**A**BOUT the time ordinary good boots are ready to be thrown overboard, you'll find Goodrich "Hi-Press" still watertight, still comfortable, still free from cracks!

They're tougher—  
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You can't buy more  
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**HI-PRESS**  
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That Suit The Fishermen!

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Will not bind in the seat or  
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**Sewed-on Aluminum Buttons**

Leather Stayed

The buttons cannot rust or break,  
and the leather stays keep  
them on



**Double Stitched Throughout**

Will not rip

**Reinforced Bib**

**J.F. CARTER CO.**

*Manufacturers of*  
Waterproof Oiled Clothing

**Beverly, Mass.**

## Saved the Lives of 30 Men!

*Impossible for fire to occur  
on a gasolene, oil burning,  
or any vessel equipped with*

**C-O-TWO**



**Read what owner of sch. yacht "Invader" says:**

GSA37 59 Cable, Honolulu

CO<sub>2</sub> Fire Equipment Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Spontaneous combustion in sails and other gear in Lazarette alongside gasoline tanks. Apparently started in several places aggravated by tropical sun on deck. One CO<sub>2</sub> tank quenched fires and cooled Lazarette sufficiently to allow men two hours work clearing compartment as insurance against reoccurrence of fire. Wonderful protection saved the lives of thirty men.

DON LEE.

*Dealers desired in principal fishing ports*

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*I picked that engine—and more than lucky since*

"Yes, sir, there's not many that have seen her equal in rough'n'ready service. Whether it's bad weather—heavy hauls—steady runs—it don't seem to make a difference to that hard-plugging F-M engine. Reckon there's twice as many years' work left in her as in me. You get a running mate the equal of that engine and you can count yourself lucky."

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The F-M engine invariably gives a good account of itself because fine engine building goes into it. Take design—a simpler Diesel is not built. Take quality, part for part—Fairbanks-Morse controls every detail through great F-M laboratories, foundries, forging shops, etc., all developed for the express purpose of protecting F-M reliability.

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*The Product of Experience*



## Your Power is Sure if it's a Bessemer

WHETHER you need power for a tug, tow boat, fishing vessel, tanker, yacht or as auxiliary power on larger vessels, a Bessemer Diesel will assure you of the utmost in marine power plant serviceability.

If it is for marine service, a Bessemer Diesel will give you unfailing power during a lifetime of heavy duty service. It will deliver *all* of its rated horsepower continuously without faltering. It will operate smoothly and quietly either at full speed, full load or idling at 40 r.p.m. It will give you low cost power because of its low fuel consumption and low maintenance cost.

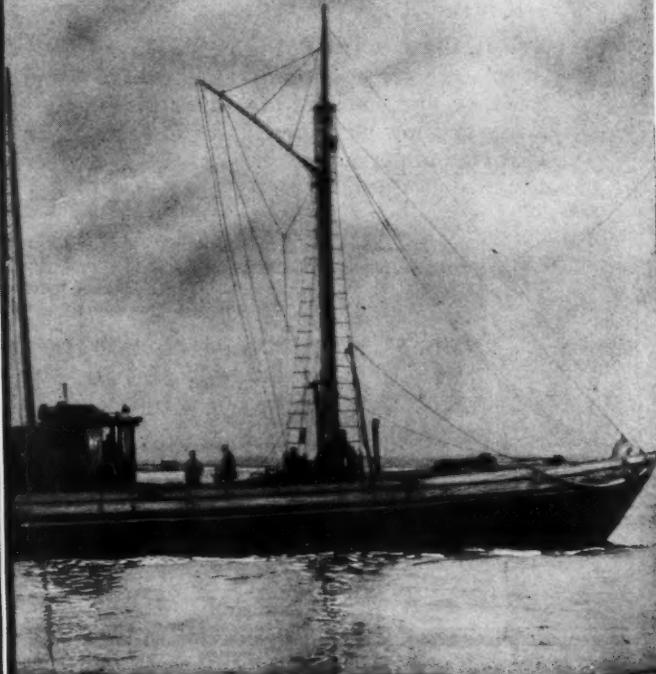
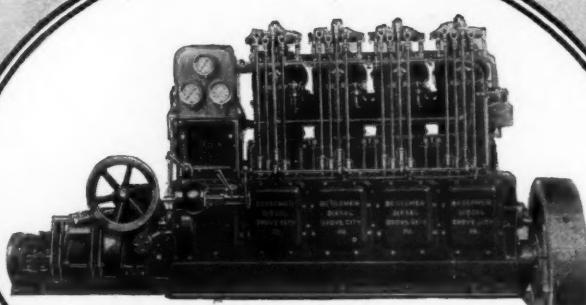
On John A. Dahlmer's fishing schooner "Orion," a 150 H.P. Bessemer Diesel has demonstrated these performance facts in the same convincing manner they are being demonstrated in scores of other marine installations on all sizes of ships in all types of service.

Write for complete details on Bessemer construction and performance.

THE BESSEMER GAS  
ENGINE COMPANY

36 Lincoln Ave. :: Grove City, Pa.

**BESSEMER**  
DIESEL ENGINES



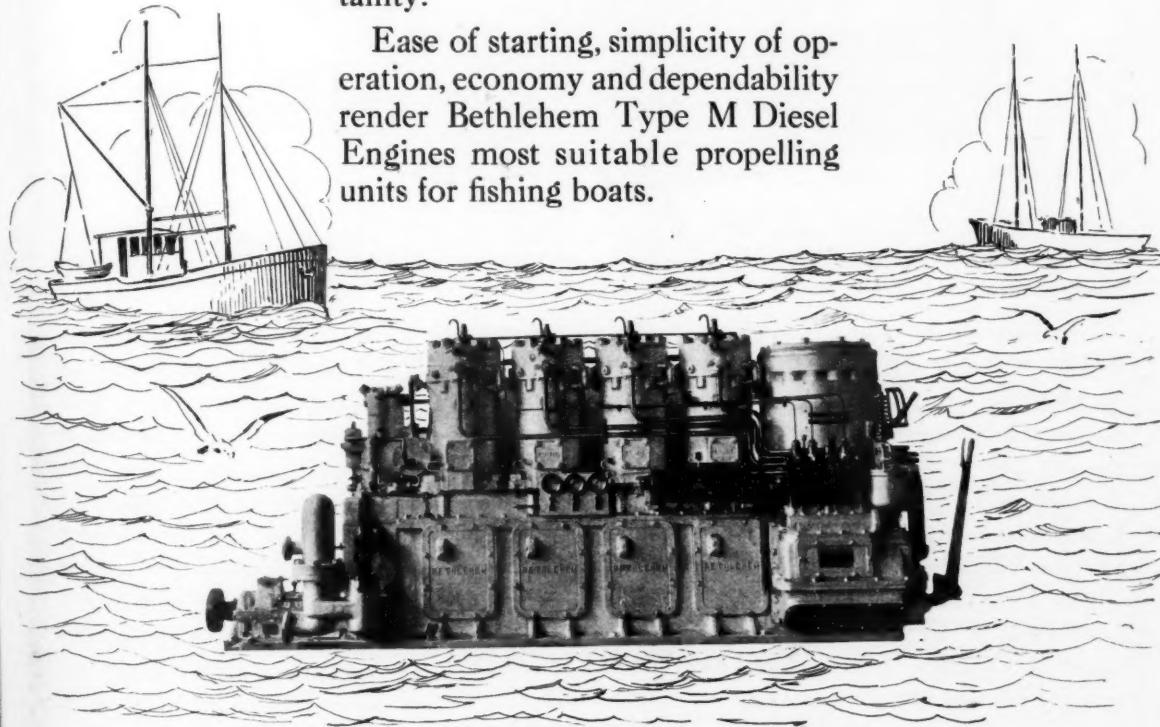
# BETHLEHEM

## Type M Diesel Engines

In days of old those who went "Down to the sea in ships" were dependent upon the four winds for motive power, which was uncertain at best.

Now, with a Bethlehem Engine 'tween decks, dependable motive power at a moment's notice is a certainty.

Ease of starting, simplicity of operation, economy and dependability render Bethlehem Type M Diesel Engines most suitable propelling units for fishing boats.



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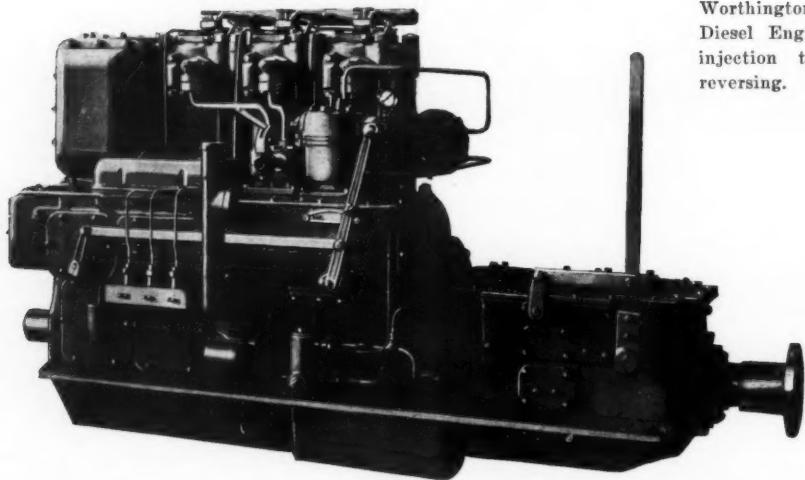
Bethlehem Steel Export Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York City, Sole Exporter of Our Commercial Products

# BETHLEHEM

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## A trunk-piston type Diesel with force-feed lubrication



Worthington Three Cylinder Marine Diesel Engine. Two cycle, solid-injection trunk-piston type, gear reversing.

THE Worthington Two-cycle Solid Injection Trunk-piston Diesel Engine is an improved and simplified high compression engine in which the fuel burns solely from the heat of compression.

The scavenging air is supplied to the power cylinders by a separate scavenging pump driven from the crank shaft; thus, the scavenging air does not pass through the crankcase and the excessive waste of lubricating oil of crankcase compression engines is avoided.

The force-feed system of lubrication is used for all bearings. Cylinders and pistons are efficiently lubricated from the oil spray thrown

off by the running gear of the engine.

The Worthington Trunk-piston type Diesel is suitable for marine service, land service and is also furnished in portable types. For portable service the engine is fitted with fan for radiator cooling. For marine service a reversing gear of compact and rugged design, amply lubricated, is built into the engine frame and included as part of standard equipment.

**WORTHINGTON PRODUCTS**  
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Gentlemen:

Please send without obligation on my part your catalogs listed below.

Two-cycle, solid injection Diesel Engine  
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66-8337-6

Name .....

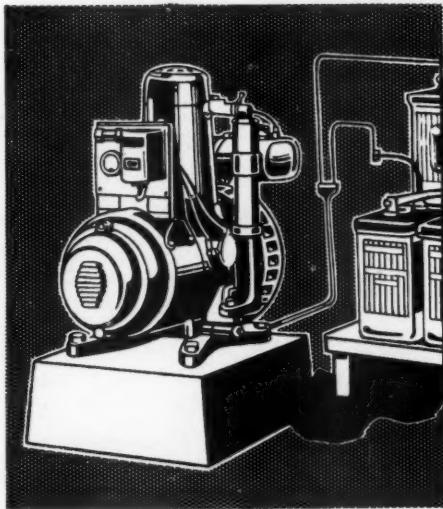
Address .....

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Service for which engine is desired

With *DELCO-LIGHT* on your vessel—  
 you can make  
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of your vessel. It will operate a bilge pump or air compressor. It is independent of your power plant, and runs on kerosene.

Think what that would mean when the night fishing was good. Think how it would speed up the work of cleaning fish at night!

Yet with these advantages that mean extra profits to you on every trip, Delco-Light probably costs less to operate than you are now spending for dangerous and uncertain kerosene lamps, flare torches and candles!

**A** Delco-Light electric plant will

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Please send me further information about  
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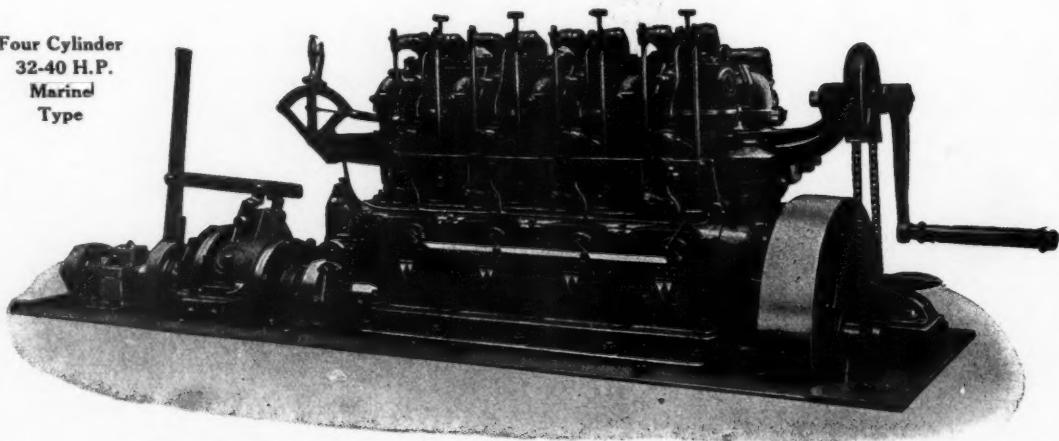
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Four Cylinder  
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Full Diesel Type, Four Cycle, Airless Injection, 5" bore, 7" stroke,  
From 8 H.P. Up in 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 Cylinders

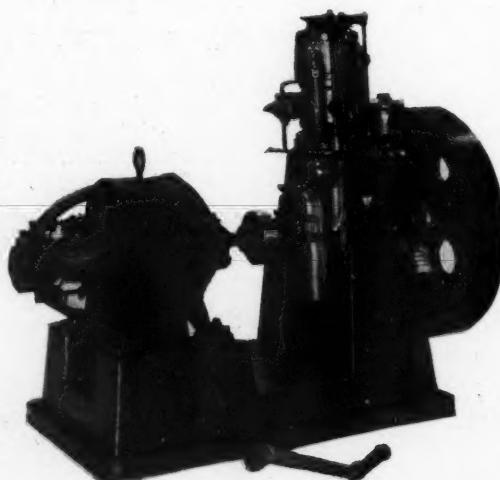
**Most Reliable and Most Economical Power  
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5 KW  
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Instantaneous start-  
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Workmanship and  
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## 5 Sizes to Choose From

LETTERS like this one come from installing an Electric Plant that is genuine Marine equipment. United Fisheries Co. has written here the strongest testimonial one can give. They say — “complete satisfaction”. This is true of the Universal Electric Plants of ALL THREE schooners, and not a lucky chance of “the one good pup in the litter.”

Because Universals are genuine marine equipment they stand the gaff. You wouldn't take a barn lantern aboard your dory in a blow. Would you trust your lights and pumps at sea with a land machine “adapted”?

Universal Plants drive from a 4-cylinder 4-cycle, water-cooled motor, very similar in design to the world-famous Universal Flexifour Marine motor. United Fisheries Co. speaks all the truth when they say—“plenty of output for all fishing requirements”. This means running lights, deck and below lights, forecastle lights, bilge pump, air compressor, everything you want current for. The lights are bright like city current gives—clear, FLICKERLESS—from smooth 4-cylinder power.

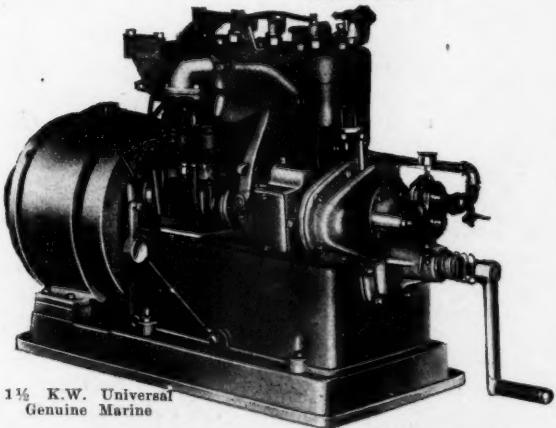
Engines are all oversize and never required to work full capacity, insuring continuous service and long life. You can get exactly the right size of plant to suit your boat and pocket-book. All sizes are usable with or without batteries. You can use your favorite make of battery.

Sizes  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  and  $12\frac{1}{2}$  Kilowatts, in 32, 110 and 220 volts. A complete line—all 100% Marine type. Write for full information.

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—all equipped with genuine  
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Superfour G.L.A.  
with Reduction Drive

Write for catalogs of  
Universal Flexifour and Super-  
four Marine motors (10 to 50  
H.P.), in both direct and silent  
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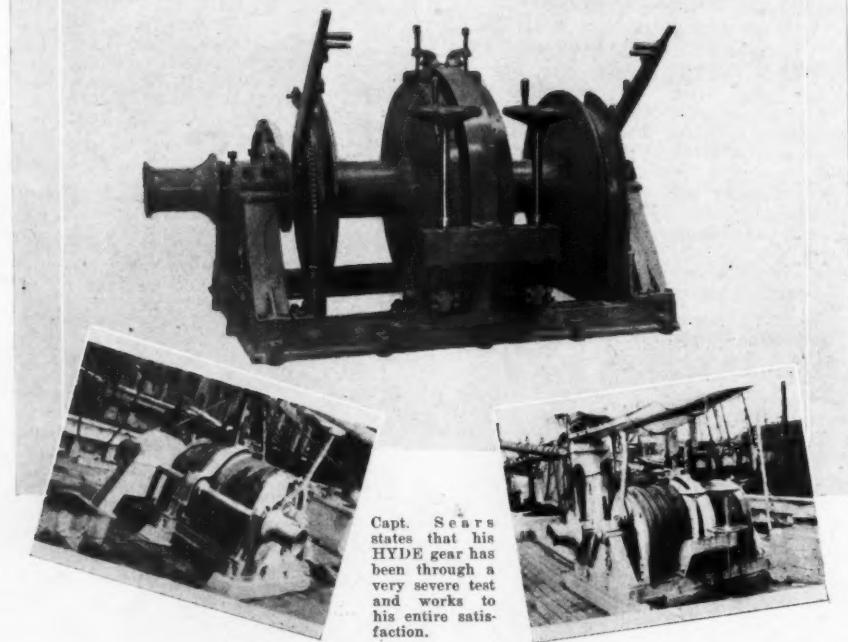
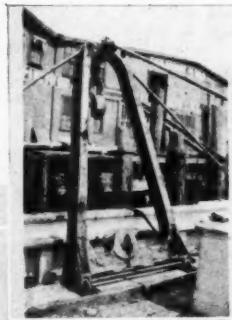
# HYDE

## Trawling Gear

*"Built to Stand the Racket"*



Installations on Sch. *Corinthian*, Gorton-Pew Fisheries Co., Gloucester, and Sch. *Irene* and *Helen*, Capt. Matthew Sears, Gloucester.



Capt. Sears states that his HYDE gear has been through a very severe test and works to his entire satisfaction.

Send for complete information  
T. RALPH FOLEY, *Selling Agent, Gloucester, Mass.*

**HYDE WINDLASS CO.**  
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Another reason why over  
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Don't be satisfied to buy just any boot. Look for the name HOOD moulded on the sole. It takes but a second and that one act insures footwear economy for you. At your dealer's.

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Through Branches in all Principal Cities

*Look for the Hood Arrow*

**HOOD**

RUBBER  
FOOTWEAR



CANVAS SHOES



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RUBBER  
HEELS & SOLES

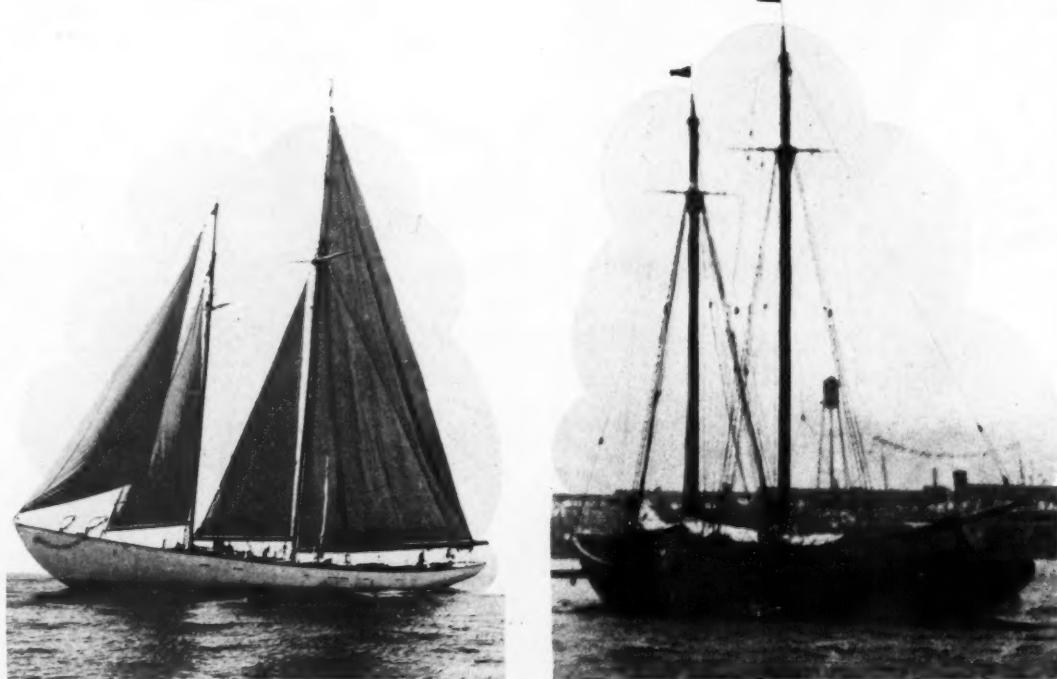


PNEUMATIC  
TIRES



**QUALITY • ALWAYS • MAINTAINED •**

*As yacht and fisherman*  
**New Bedford Brand Manila**  
*has been used by the*  
**Wanderer**



***Yacht Wanderer***  
Originally fitted with New Bedford rope.

***Schooner Wanderer***  
Refitted with New Bedford rope.

**UNITED SAIL LOFT**

*Gloucester Distributors*



**NEW BEDFORD CORDAGE CO.**

*General offices*  
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Established 1842  
MILLS—New Bedford, Mass.

*Boston office*  
164 FEDERAL ST.

# United Sail Loft

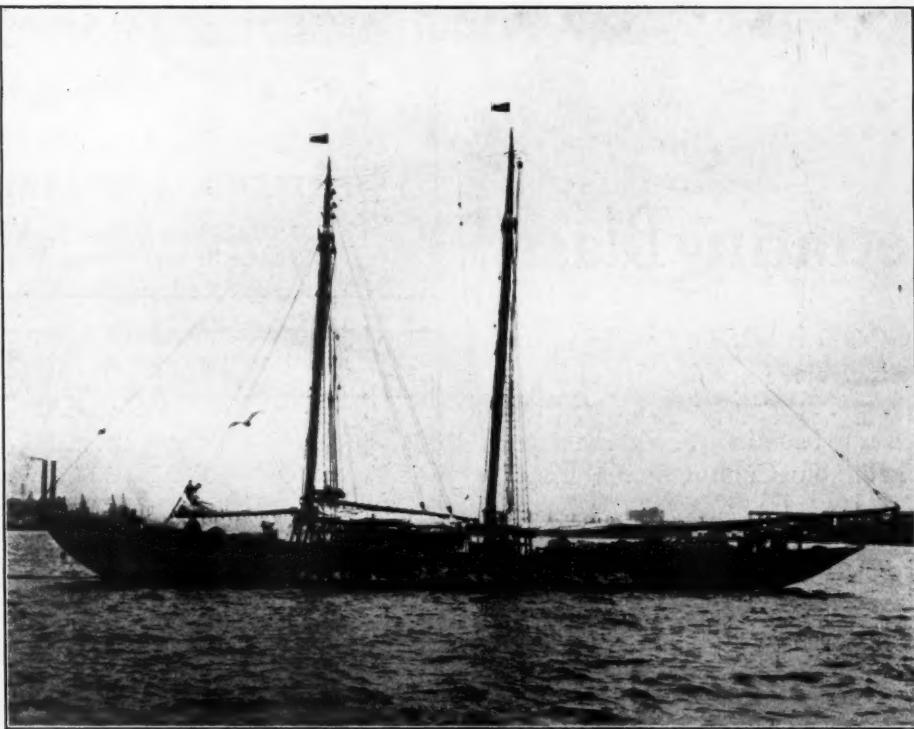
Gloucester  
Mass.

M. J. Cooney  
Proprietor

*Sailmakers for Gloucester's Noted Fishermen*

*Makers of*  
**Sails, Awnings, Hammocks**  
**Tents and Covers**

*Dealers in*  
**Duck, Cordage,**  
**Marine Accessories**



*Schooner Wanderer*

Originally fitted as a yacht and refitted as a fisherman by us

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Craft of all kinds taken from the builders and completely outfitted for sea.  
Fishing vessels and yachts overhauled.

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ANY GOOD WHISTLE will do when weather is clear! But the quick rising of *gloomy fog* . . . the very fog that obstructs your efforts to be heard . . . will make you grateful for your Cunningham Whistle!

Here is a whistle that *does penetrate*. The Cunningham is an entirely new conception of a disc whistle . . . based upon scientifically sound principles.

It's a noisy whistle, if you please, and its individualistic tone fairly *cuts* the densest fog!

And what's more, the Cunningham is the *most economical* whistle that science can produce.

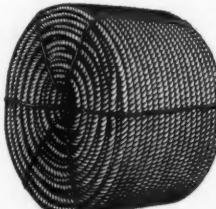
*For use on every type and size of craft . . . on docks . . . trains . . . busses . . . in fact, wherever you must be heard!*

Booklet A-2 is informative.  
Ask for it!

ALLAN  
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## Defies the elements!



The water-resisting qualities of Whitlock WATERFLEX cordage are of utmost importance especially in marine and fishing service where dampness, rain and continued immersion in water cause ordinary rope to swell, harden and kink, making it extremely hard to manage. The use of WATERFLEX avoids these difficulties.

WATERFLEX remains flexible under all conditions and is easy to handle and splice, *wet or dry*. It may be left outdoors in all kinds of weather with the assurance of protection against deterioration or *wet rot*, which shortens the serviceable life of ordinary rope.

No additional charge is made for the patented WATERFLEX feature.

*It will pay you to investigate!*

## WHITLOCK CORDAGE CO.

46 South Street, New York  
226 State Street, Boston, Mass.



## Make Fishing Pay

The first consideration in every business today is to keep down costs, yet some fishermen persist in wasting money on pitch, putty, and substitutes for genuine marine glue.

## JEFFERY'S MARINE GLUE Keeps Down the Upkeep

Being flexible, elastic, tenacious, and durable, Jeffery's "stays put" in hot or cold weather while pitch, putty and substitutes crack, crumble and fall out. It's economical —saves one or more recaulkings.

*Write for Booklet "What to Use and How to Use It"*

**L.W. Ferdinand & Co.**  
152 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

The purpose of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is to be a factor in the industrial growth of the commercial fisheries. To this end, the magazine is dedicated to the prime factors, in effect the creators, of the industry—fish producers, men who either fish themselves or who are instrumental in production through immediate interest in floating property.

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN serves its readers by discussing fishery topics; by presenting new methods, gear and designs by being sufficiently interesting to afford relaxation from the strain undergone by those who follow the sea.

While we realize that successful re-handling and re-selling are vital to producers, experience shows that the division between distribution and production is so distinct in the fishing industry that it is impossible to serve both faithfully. Therefore, the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is published exclusively for producers—captains, owners and crews of fishing craft.

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

## "The Fisherman's Magazine"

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By ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, INC.

Main Office 62 Long Wharf  
Boston, Mass.

LEW A. CUMMINGS ..... President  
FRANK H. WOOD ..... Manager

10 cents a copy \$1.00 a year

Entered as Second Class Matter February 1925, at the Post Office at Manchester, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

## The Great Atlantic Seal-Fishery

The Epic of Hunting the Seal-Herds, Through Ice-Floes, Blizzards and Perils Innumerable

By George Allan England

### PART II

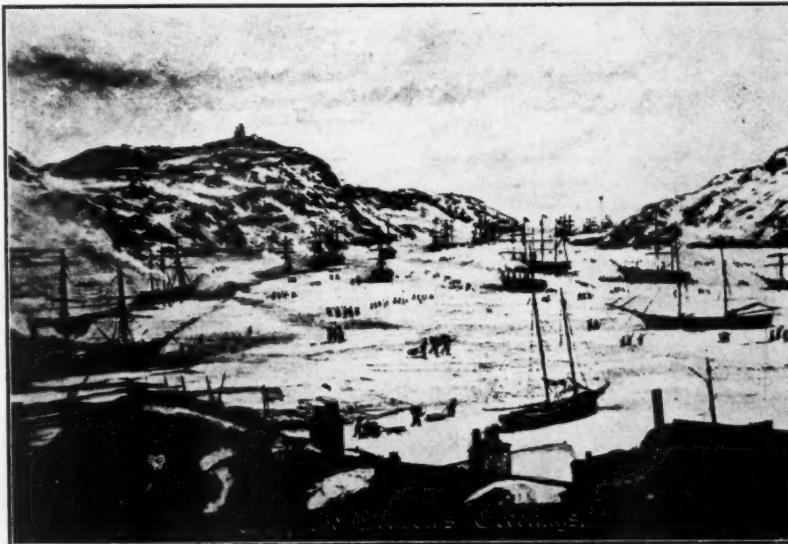
#### The Hunt Itself.

Far aloft in a "parlor" or barrel, a "scunner" directs the course of the ship through bays and leads of water in the ice-fields. Another watcher, called a "barrelman," is also aloft to spy for seals. When a "skein of swiles" or perhaps "the main patch" is sighted, he gives directions and the vessel is steered toward the waiting quarry. The hunters all make ready for a "rally." Taking gaffs, knives and ropes, they prepare to go overside, out on the ice. The ship is worked as near to the seals as possible, and the fun begins.

It may be that the seals are "white-coats," by the thousand, scattered over immense sheets of ice. They may be "beaters" or "quinters," as migrating young harps are called. "Rusties," "bedlamers" and "saddlers" are respectively seals two, three and four years old. If hoods, their first four years are called "young hoods," "bedlamers," "curriers" and "old hoods." No matter what is in sight, the men are eager to be at the slaughter, "to get everythin' wid hair on it!"

Away the men go, like soldiers at the full charge. They clamber down the "side-sticks," leap to the ice and run at top speed for the seals. The dog seals usually take to the water at once. The females, or bitches as they are usually called, occasionally try to escape, but more often they try to stand and fight for their pups.

All in vain! *Whack! Whack!* go the gaffs, with especial attention to the white-coats. Hardly are the seals dead, and often hardly more than stunned, when the hunters roll them belly-up and shuck them out of their pelts with most amazing dexterity. The "scutters" or hind flippers are not skinned. One of the front flippers, always called "fippers," must be left on the pelt, the other being removed. This makes a hole through which



Rare old view of St. John's harbor in winter, with sealing fleet working out.

Vey, St. John's.

the tow-rope is later passed. A great many fippers are saved by the men, and taken home for food in barrels and boxes. The carcasses, however, are practically all wasted—thousands of tons of the finest meat thus every year being left on the ice, to become a prey for foxes, bears,

gulls and, when the ice melts, for fish in the depths of the sea.

The sculps are "panned up," or put in piles, marked with flags, each ship having flags of a distinctive pattern; and the hunt continues. Sometimes it lasts all day and far into the night, the men working by "torch-light". It is a wondrous picture to see these torches twinkling in the pale arctic night or under the evanescent blaze of the aurora, miles across the slow-heaving plains of ice.

When hoods are to be attacked, especially dog-hoods, the rifle is more popular than the gaff. Harp seals are not formidable, the dogs weighing from 200 to 280 pounds and the bitches from 135 to 150. An old dog-hood, however, sometimes reaches 900 or 1000 pounds, and is a tough customer. He can hump himself over the ice as fast as a man can run, and is always ready for a fight. One snap of his formidable jaws will sever an arm or leg.

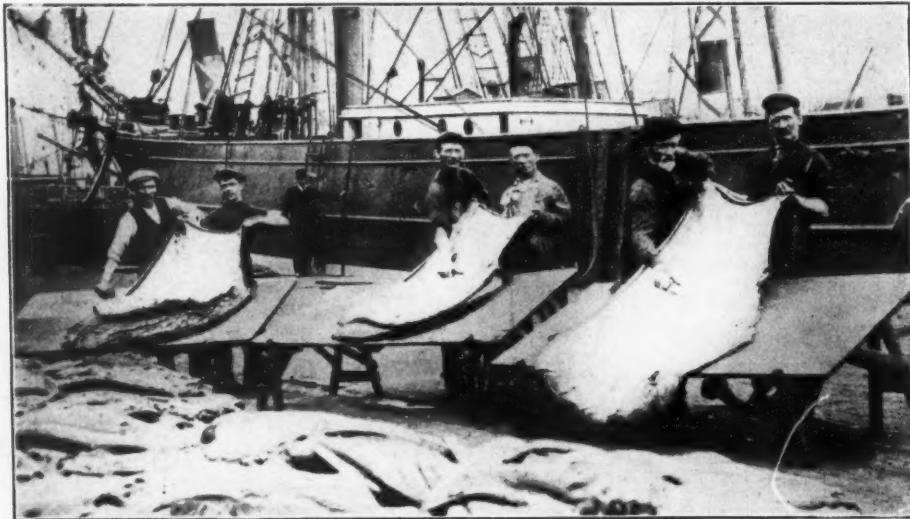
Only a bold hunter, indeed, will venture to attack a dog-hood with the gaff. Such an attack is generally fruitless, because when the dog-hood is angry he inflates a large bag of skin on his nose and head, which effectually protects him. You can hammer a dog-hood all day, if he doesn't kill you, and not do him any harm. The safest way by far is to let him have it with a high-powered rifle and a dum-dum bullet; and even so, it's no easy job to kill him.

tinually changing their relative positions. Added to this, the arctic light—sometimes foggy, often dazzling with intense and blinding sunshine—is very deceptive.

None the less, some remarkable shooting is accomplished, often—when the seals are shy—at astonishing ranges. At times, seals refuse to be scared down. I have seen them keep the ice even when the ship ground right down upon them, and when men aboard heaved lumps of coal at them—on Sundays, when no killing is ever allowed. Again, they will flee at the first sight of danger. Scent of danger, I might better say, the seals' noses being much keener than their eyes.

"Seals are governed more by scent than sight," says Levi G. Chafe, the greatest authority on seals. "Whether in the water or on ice, they are sure to scent a man to windward, at least 500 yards away. They can at times apparently detect the presence of men, miles distant; and if the smoke of a steamer drifts down on them from a distance of five or ten miles, they may take to the water."

No matter how far away the riflemen are when they open fire, they usually give a good account of themselves. At times, the hunters wait at open "swatches" of water, till seals come up, and then shoot them before they can dive again. Much of this "fat" is unfortunately lost, but a good deal floats to the ice-edge and is gaffed out.



*It's pleasanter to watch this than to smell it!*

Shooting any kind of seal through the body may do little harm to the seal, as the three or four inches of fat protect it. Beside, bullet-holes injure the sculp. A direct hit to the head is most desirable; and in the case of hoods, is usually essential for a kill.

When seals are hunted with rifles, smaller gangs go out, only the most expert marksmen being sent.

#### GUNPLAY EXTRAORDINARY.

Each riflemen is attended by a man called a "dog", who carries his ammunition and sometimes an extra rifle. These "dogs" are steady and experienced men, and never by any chance put the strap of the cartridge-bag over their heads or shoulders. The strap is always carried in the hand, for good reason; because in case they fall into the sea, they can let go the bag, and save themselves. Were the strap over their heads, they would probably be carried down like plummets, to the bottom of the ocean—and stay there!

I have seen some wonderful marksmanship among the riflemen. Their problem is highly complex. Though they carefully stalk their game, creeping behind pressure-ridges and "pinnacles", they are often unable to come within close range. In the ice, a swell is usually running, so that perhaps the floes are rising and falling twenty to forty feet in long undulations. Thus the seal and the hunter are con-

#### STOWING THE FAT.

When all the available sculps are panned up, the ship navigates as close to the pans as possible, and the piles of skins are snatched aboard with a whip-line and a winch. If the vessel cannot get near the skins, these have to be dragged in by the hunters. First the men "lace up their tows", in piles, passing the tow-lines through holes, then "scote" these tows often a mile or two, along blood-stained paths that wind among rough ice and pinnacles. I have dragged not a few pelts, myself, and realize something of the hard labor of it. But the uncomplaining hunters will toil hours on end at this back-breaking work, in rain, wind or snow, and never grow weary; pausing only now or then to come aboard for a mug-up of scalding, strong tea and buttered toast. Just so they can "bore up fer home wid a full trip o' fat, a logger load", nothing else matters!

The sculps are all piled on deck, where they sometimes accumulate knee-deep or more. They fill the deck with quivering redness and the air with richest perfumes—rich, indeed! Sometimes blood and fat leak down into the cabins and fo'castle, but never mind, it all adds to the richness of the mixture! Nobody with a sensitive nose should ever go seal-hunting. Cod-liver oil is like rose-leaves, beside the pungent, overpowering oil of the seal.

The sculps are allowed to cool for several hours, before being stowed. This process involves keeping a record, which is done by means of a knife and a "tally-stick". Under arctic conditions of gale and storm, it would often be impracticable to use writing-materials. Therefore the tallyman stands at the hatch; and as with cries of "H'under, below!" the sculps are tossed thudding down, he cuts a notch for every five sculps, a groove for every twenty-one. One little interesting superstition is that if tally-sticks are prepared before any seals are killed, it will diminish the catch.

more or less of the fat is bound to "run to h'ile", which is to say that the oil works out of it. "Ten cents a hole, a penny a roll" is a familiar proverb meaning that every sculp is damaged a dime's worth by a bullet-hole or gaff-hole back of the flippers, and that every time the ship rolls, a penny's worth is taken from every sculp.

In the ice-fields, vessels ride on an even keel. It is only when they are "out in de blue drop" that this loss becomes



UPPER LEFT: Young harp, or white-coat, probably about two weeks old. Holloway, Nfld.

LEFT CENTER: The Terra Nova carried no bath tubs, but there was always a grand chance for a swim, when she struck open ice. Photo Hollands.

LOWER LEFT: One miss-jump, and you discover just how cold the Labrador current is. Vey, St. John's.

UPPER RIGHT: Gunners and dogs, going away.

RIGHT CENTER: A long tow. Vey, St. John's.

LOWER RIGHT: Here are some of the hunters mucking into a "pan" of "sculps", near the ship.

While some are heaving skins, others are passing down "fresh salt", in baskets. Fresh salt is the sealers' name for ice, chopped fine. This ice is collected from pinnacles, and brought aboard by the winch, in huge nets. Some of it is melted for drinking purposes, but most of it goes into the hold, between layers of sculps laid fat-to-fat.

Despite the careful icing-down of the sculps, however,

serious. Sometimes so much of the fat "goes to pummy" that the pumps will eject blood and oil from the bilges, and sealing-trips have at times been shortened to avoid this loss. One steamer was fitted with iron tanks to catch the oil, and many puncheons were salvaged—all belonging to the company, and without any benefit to the hunters.

(To be Continued.)

## Schooner Wanderer

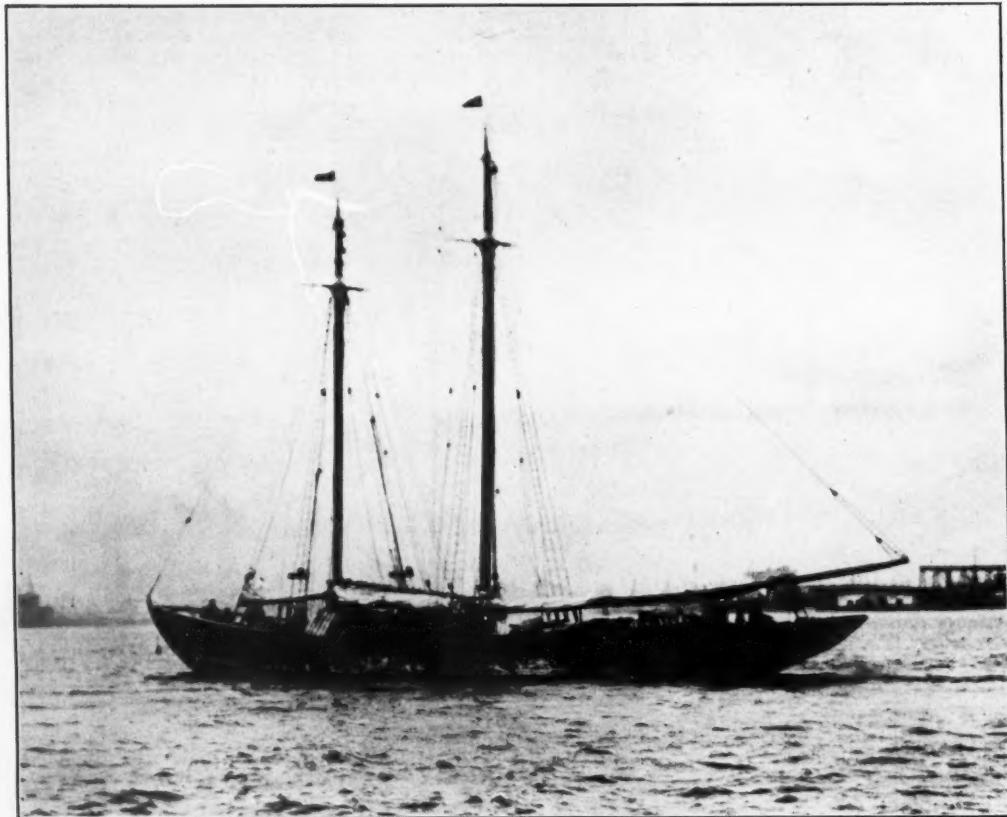
Famous Quarter-Million Dollar Yacht Converted into Fisherman

THE *Wanderer*; there's one to write home about. She was some yacht, conceded to be one of the finest things under canvas in the world. What a fisherman she has made!

Shipping crews for big sailing yachts is no longer an easy thing to do, for it seems that there is a lot more money fishing than yachting, and the sites in the big pleasure schooners do not appeal nowadays except to some skippers who have served their time and are ready to take things a little easier than they come on the off-shore fishing grounds in winter. The men prefer the grief and bigger money.

had to come out and off the vessel in order that she shouldn't end up by being a mongrel yacht-fisherman, and if the work had been done in anything but an expert manner the expense could have gone sky-high. She even had to be re-rigged. This was done by George Roberts. As a matter of fact both the sailmaker and rigger fitted her originally in 1923, have since done Mr. Allen's work, and now continue with the *Wanderer* a fisherman.

The vessel has seen more different power plants in her four years than two would ordinarily have in their lives. At first there was a 150 H.P. Atlas with two 15 H.P.



Schooner *Wanderer*

The fact that the *Wanderer* is no longer yachting is probably largely due to the difficulty of getting a crew. Anyhow, her owner, R. W. Allen, offered her for sale to be converted to a fisherman last spring, and through M. J. Cooney she was grabbed up by Arnold & Winsor Co., the Boston producers and dealers. About that time the *Commonwealth* was lost, leaving her skipper, Captain Frank Watts, without a vessel. There was talk of fitting the *Wanderer* out as a "beam" trawler, but Captain Watts being so capable in the market business, it was decided that he should take her with double-dories.

Changing over was done under the direction of Bill Landry, ships' husband of the Arnold & Winsor fleet, by the United Sail Loft at Gloucester. Practically everything

Mianus auxiliaries. This outfit was replaced with a 230 H.P. Bessemer and a 65 H.P. Bessemer generator. Then came a 120 H.P. Bethlehem, which has given way to a 300 H.P. Bessemer under the new owners. The remarkable thing about all these changes is that no fault was found with any of the engines, but Mr. Allen just had a hobby of trying different ones. More power was needed fishing, especially if she should ever go dragging, so the big Bessemer was put in. This is the first schooner-type fishing vessel to ever take such power. It's quite a plant for a fisherman! A three-cylinder Hill was left as the generator auxiliary, but the wiring was all changed by the Marine

(Continued on Page 22)

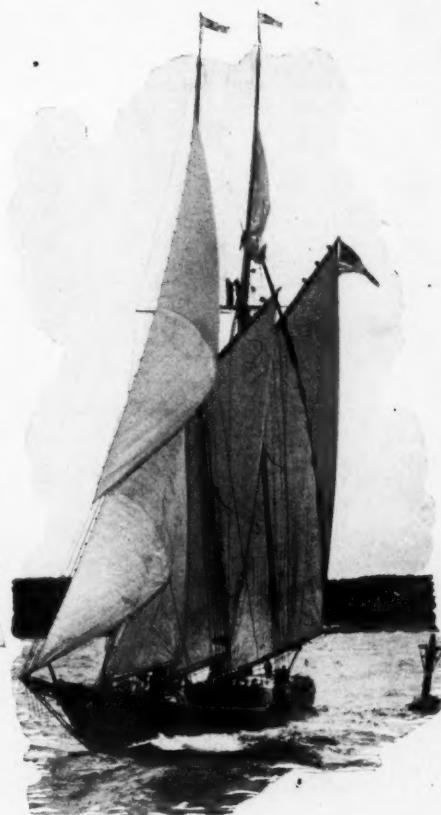
## Columbia Probably Lost

Jinx Following Racers Overtakes Fourth Gloucester Flyer



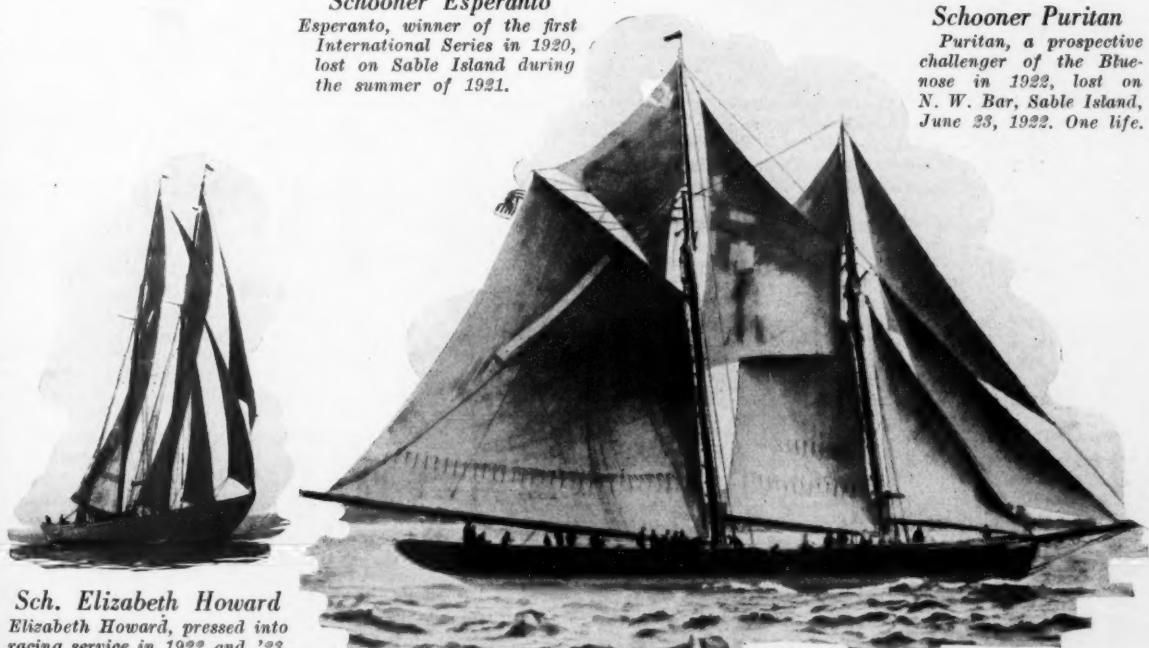
*Schooner Columbia*

*Columbia, champion of the North Atlantic, probably lost with all hands, twenty or more men, in the gale of August 24.*



*Schooner Puritan*

*Puritan, a prospective challenger of the Blue-nose in 1922, lost on N. W. Bar, Sable Island, June 23, 1922. One life.*



*Schooner Esperanto*

*Esperanto, winner of the first International Series in 1920, lost on Sable Island during the summer of 1921.*



*Sch. Elizabeth Howard*  
*Elizabeth Howard, pressed into racing service in 1922 and '23, lost November 7, 1923, on Porters Island, N. S.*

## Nova Scotia's Loss

UNTOLD damage to the fishing industry of Nova Scotia was done by the great gale of August 24, which swept down on the shores of the province from the south with hurricane velocity, leaving in its wake a trail of death and destruction which brought sorrow to many families through the entire province, particularly in Lunenburg.

Four vessels of the Lunenburg fleet, with compliments of 20 men or more each, have been given up as lost. The vessels are the *Clayton J. Walters*, *Joyce M. Smith*, *Mahala*, and the *Uda R. Corkum*.

The toll in lives, as well as in property damage, far exceeds that done by the big gale of August 1926, when two fine vessels of the Lunenburg fleet were lost on the treacherous bars of Sable Island. In addition many smaller fishing craft from other ports of the province met their fate on the rock bound shores of the province, where they were driven by the merciless force of the gale, which at times attained the great force of 100 miles an hour.

It was somewhat of a co-incidence that the storm should occur on the day it did. August 24th, 1873, is recalled by the older people of the province as the day of the great Aug-

names. The Halifax trawler *Loubyrne*, while hauling her gear off the island also brought up the copper keel of a schooner, the splintered edges of which showed that it had been recently immersed.

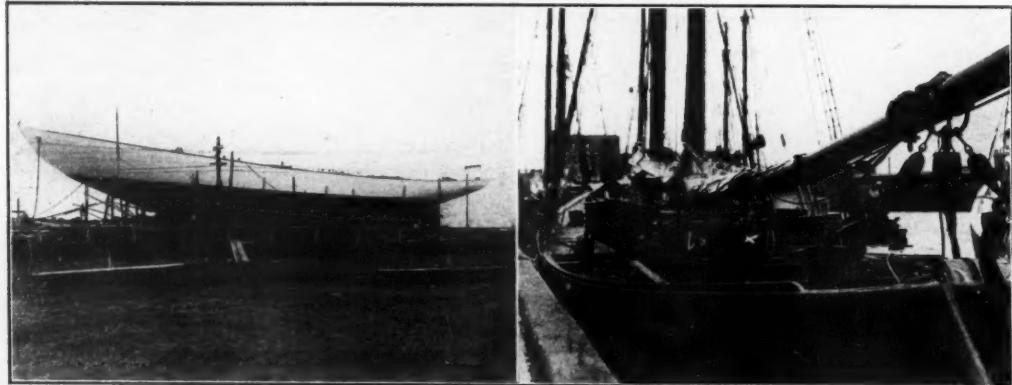
## Schooner Wanderer

(Continued from Page 20)

Electric Equipment Co. A 110-volt system is used in this particular case.

Aside from the unusuality of such a beautiful young yacht being sent fishing, the most noteworthy thing about the *Wanderer* is her construction. Undoubtedly she is the strongest, ablest two-sticker afloat. Everett James had done himself and Essex proud when on May 1, 1923, he sent this one off the stocks of the old town, famous for a century for its staunch vessels.

The *Wanderer* has about twice as many frames as is usual in the construction of a craft of even this size. The frames are only twenty-two inches apart on centers. Three



*Wanderer as She Looked Just Before Her Launching, and Looking Forward on Deck Now.*

ust gale, and they tell of the immense amount of damage and great loss of life which occurred at that time. But there can be little doubt that August 24, 1927, will long be remembered by those of the present generation, especially fisherfolk, as one of the worst which it has been their lot to come through.

Not even the most landlocked harbors were havens of safety to the vessels. In every port vessels large and small were driven ashore and in many cases they were broken up so badly as to be beyond repair.

All of the missing Lunenburg vessels were lost at sea. When the gale broke all of the fleet except one vessel were on the fishing banks. Those that plied the trade on Grand Bank escaped with little damage, as the full force of the gale was centered further west around Sable Island. Those that were fishing in the vicinity of this island received a terrible buffeting and for days following the storm those that survived limped home to port, many with sails and rigging blown away. Many were carried as far as one hundred miles on the run down with the storm.

In looking for evidence of sea disasters, especially where fishing vessels are concerned, Sable Island, well named as the "graveyard of the Atlantic," is always searched. For two weeks following the storm no sign of wreckage of any kind was washed up on the island but about the second week in September traces began to make an appearance on the sand bars. Dories oars, pieces of ship's cabins and hatches, kegs, sails and other gear were washed up on the island. One of the dories found was marked *Columbia* and another *Edith C. Rose*, both from American fishing vessels sailing under those

and a half inch western oak planking was used throughout, and all the houses, rails and deck are teak, which the builders had come direct from Bombay. Five inch stock was used in the houses.

Thinking he might take the vessel into the North, the owner, not satisfied with the unusual strength built into her, had her sheathed with greenheart and copper. He had a bronze composition rudder post, and everything else that could add an iota to the impregnability of the craft.

The *Wanderer*'s measurements are 139 feet overall, 26 feet beam, 12 feet 6 inches deep. It is good to see one of this size added to the fleets with so many of the larger vessels having been lost of late, and the present tendency toward conservativeness in size. True, the *Eleanor Nickerson*, recently built by Arnold & Winsor Co. for Captain Enos Nickerson who has been in the *Isabelle Parker* a couple of years, and the *Gossoon*, built a few months ago by O'Hara Bros. to replace the *Emerald*, are pretty big craft, but the bulk of the new tonnage of the last few years has been in comparatively small sizes. It is the old-time killers like Captain Nickerson and Captain Watts that can take these big vessels dory fishing and make them pay under the high operating costs. The younger men seem to do better with smaller boats, smaller gangs, and more machinery for trawl fishing. We better look the large able dory vessels over carefully while we have them because in a few years they may be just a memory and practically all fresh fish production will be with the super-powered eighty and ninety footers.



THE memory of the fishermen who have given their lives in the service of the Lunenburg fleet will be perpetuated by a monument to be set up in Lunenburg town. At a recent meeting of the Fishermen's Picnic Association the members decided to raise funds for the erection of a memorial and a committee composed of W. H. Smith, M. P. P., Captain Iverson and Captain Scott has been named to make arrangements for a campaign to raise funds for the purpose.

This decision follows close upon the terrible loss of four fine vessels of the Lunenburg fleet which foundered in the great August gale. The toll of the storm in lives was over 60 men and in money in excess of \$200,000. Damage estimated at \$100,000 was done to vessels which made port safely. The value of the lost craft was well over the \$100,000 mark.

Without a doubt the fishermen of Nova Scotia have entered upon a period of hard times. In addition to the great losses caused by the storm all along the coast nature has been unkind in regard to the harvest of the sea. Following upon the reports of June and July which showed serious decreases in the fish catch the report of Ward Fisher, chief inspector of fisheries for the Eastern Division of the Marine and Fisheries Department, shows a larger decrease for the month of August compared with the same month of 1926. He estimates the decrease for the month at 12,000,000 pounds having a landed value of \$300,000. Growing worse as it does from month to month the situation is one which demands instant attention from government authorities and the appointment of the Royal Commission to investigate the state of fisheries in the Maritime provinces cannot come too soon. Until late last month the commission had not been named but action to this end by the Federal government was momentarily expected.

The run of herring inshore which continued throughout the month of August finished early in September at most places along the Nova Scotian coast and the fishermen resorted again to line fishing. Good catches were made off Peggy's early in the month.

Swordfishing off the Cape Breton coast during the summer months was very good, practically all of the fishermen getting several of the big fish. Even the smaller boats were successful in landing one or more of these sea levathians which bring such good prices on the American market. Shipments of swordfish from Louisburg this year were up to the average.

For the first time in the history of the Sissiboo River, Digby county, black bass were caught early last month. Black bass are rarely seen in Nova Scotia waters and word of the run of these delectable fish spread rapidly and many fishermen visited the river to whip it for bass. The fish weigh anywhere from 4 to 10 pounds.

Digby county lost three of her fishermen during the gale on August 24. Warren Ossinger, his son Kenneth and Stanford Pyne were fishing out in the Bay of Fundy when the storm broke and they were swept to their deaths. The capsized boat was found the next morning and the bodies of the fishermen were washed ashore several days later.

Fishermen throughout the province of Nova Scotia will be interested to learn that the new brine freezing plant at the experimental fisheries station at Halifax has been completed. While this plant is something of an experiment, the freezing process being different than that used in other plants, it is also built for service and all fish brought to the station by the fishermen will be handled. It is the hope of Dr. A. G. Huntsman, director of the station, that large quantities of fish will be brought to the station for treatment in the plant for ultimate shipment to the markets in Canada and Great Britain. The proposed method of

(Continued on Page 27)

By the Fisherman's Doctor  
SINCE early September lobstering has picked up greatly. At Swan's Island and Mansett the lobstermen are doing very well, and so in general along the eastern coast. Price at the smacks has averaged thirty-five to forty cents a pound. Obeying the lobster laws has well paid the lobstermen.

At Corea the lobstermen have been making very good catches for a month. Certainly a moderate expense in dredging Corea harbor would greatly increase the production of lobsters for market by giving the fishermen facilities for carrying on, and would boom Maine better than any other similar expenditure. The fishermen of Corea certainly do wonderfully well in spite of the handicaps of an utterly inadequate harbor, but with proper harbor facilities land would be quickly sold and business and population increased, and the live-wire fishermen would show what could be done.

No longer do the summer visitors expect to buy short lobsters from the shore fishermen regardless of the future of the industry, but most of them have fallen into line, and now want to obey the law themselves and help to enforce it and want others to do the same because they want the supply of the choice seafood to constantly continue. Of course there is yet some dealing in short lobsters, but it is only very rarely that an Atlantic Fisherman is caught at it. It is now harder and more risky to get a mess of short lobsters than to get real Scotch whisky in the open. There is yet controversy about the legal length of lobsters, and variations in the law on the coasts of different states, and the lobstermen of York County still shout for a nine inch law in conformity with the lobster laws of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, but all the rest of the Maine coast says ten and a half inches is the right length to protect the industry, and experience seems to be proving it right. Lobster traps have been improved, too, now three-headers or traps with partitions so that lobsters will naturally fall against the slat partitions instead of to the end headings, are now being used in larger numbers. Trap material made, all ready to be assembled at the mills, is now being furnished to the lobstermen, as well as heads kitted and treated to withstand action of salt water, and traps of such materials have greater durability than formerly. Hardwood traps with heads and warps now cost about three dollars apiece. As the kitted bait pockets were an improvement over the old method of fastening fish and heads to a spindle in the trap bottom, so now the fishermen wrap their bait in burlap bundles fastened in the middle of the trap, and the oily seepage attracts lobsters just as much but the ripened herring last and spend better, and traps need not be rebaited as often.

Large schools of pollock have showed on the Maine Coast, and are being caught in weirs and by trawlers and handliners.

Tinker mackerel have begun to be plentiful. Pound and a half to two pound mackerel have been very plentiful, and have been cheap in the retail markets.

There yet continues to be plenty of haddock of good quality and price has tended to go up half a cent to a cent a pound.

Occasionally a few cod show up but they are not plentiful at present.

At Birch Harbor Alton Bunker caught a small halibut in one of his lobster traps.

Weirmen have been doing better than earlier in the season, and bait is fairly plentiful, and prices are a little higher.

Off Cribhaven the seiners are out early and late and are getting more herring than they can handle in their boats and dories. Many large herring are being saved and

(Continued on Page 26)

## Bay of Fundy Activities

By M. E. McNulty

HENRY Dunbar, Claude Ingersoll, Lewis and Murdock Hatt, all engaged in the fisheries at Grand Manan Island, saw a pure white porpoise swimming about Whale Cove where the men are interested in weirs. Porpoises are plentiful in the Bay of Fundy, but not this type of porpoise. The natural habitat of the pure white porpoise is in the Arctic waters. Rarely does a member of this species penetrate below the coast of Labrador. Besides being different in color, the pure white porpoise is much larger than the common porpoise. The four fishermen were keenly interested in this strange porpoise. It has been about fifteen years since a pure white porpoise has been seen in the water off the island. There being no firearm in the party it was impossible to shoot the porpoise. The men had been working about their weirs when the pure white porpoise was noticed.

A veteran fisherman passed away recently at Lorneville, N. B., in the person of John J. Byers. The late Mr. Byers had been a fisherman practically all his life, operating in the Lorneville section of the Bay of Fundy in the off shore

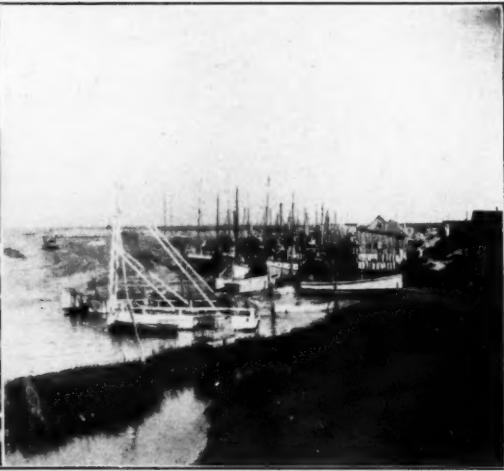
## WITH THE VINEYARD FISHERMEN

By Joseph C. Allen

HE end of September comes pretty near to marking the end of summer fishing with us folks, although it all depends on the brand of weather that we have issued to us, how long the gear stays in. If it is fairly bad, the gear will come ashore, but if it is either very good or very bad, it won't.

Checking up on the events of the month and the general run of luck for the period marked by its ending, most of our boys will agree that both the month and the season as a whole have been rather better than the average. To be sure, there are a string of traps in the sound that have had nothing but hard luck and darned little of that.

Again, our lobstermen were all but put out of business during the best month of the season, partly by the maneuvering destroyers and partly by wind. We had the tail-end of the gale that turned Georges inside out and upside down and when it was over there were broken laths enough on the beaches to kindle all the fires between Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras, once or twice.



Showing How the Fleet Piled into Menemsha Bight during the August Blow. Almost Every Type of Fishing Craft was to be Found.

fisheries. He was active in the years when the fishermen of Lorneville had to sail or row or both into St. John with their fish in small boats in order to market the catches of haddock, cod, herring, salmon, shad, gaspereaux, halibut, etc. It was nothing unusual for Mr. Byers to start from Lorneville, or Pisarino, as it was styled in those years, with a boatload of fish, and be much of the day on the voyage. The wind would flatten, forcing him to take to the oars. He would tie his boat to the wharf at Market Slip at St. John and await Customers. Disposing of the entire catch to a single wholesaler was an infrequent proceeding in those years, much of the catch being sold over to the side at retail. The Market Slip was an open market at retail and wholesale for fish. Mr. Byers had eased off fishing slightly in his later years, but was as active as his years would permit. He had been afflicted with heart trouble for some years but had been able to do considerable work. It was while doing some work on a road that he collapsed. He was found to be dead when two men reached him. Surviving are one son, Hazen Byers, engaged in the fisheries at Lorneville; two daughters, Mrs. Lee Corser of Fredericton, N. B., and Mrs. Arthur Sweet of Fairville, N. B.

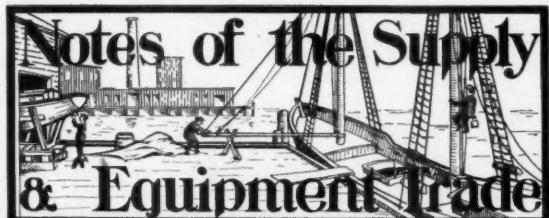
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That's the bad side of it. Now for the other side. Lobstermen have made a living which is considerable for those lads to admit. There have been many more swordfish inshore this year than for the last three, the handliners have cleaned up big, sea-scallopers, ditto and squiteague and blue-fish are coming back just as sure as God made little apples.

So much for the season. Now as regards the month of September, which includes the last month of August as time is reckoned in these articles; we have much to be thankful for. The lobstermen have had good weather since the last of August and are winding up in style. The traps have done their heaviest fishing for the season during September. Butters, whiting and bullseye mackerel have run fairly well in the sound, while the bay traps have taken plenty of butters, some scup and some blues. Traps in both places have had some squiteague, for these fish have run pretty steadily and on the twenty-seventh of August Otis Luce of Lambert's Cove had the biggest haul that has been made in eighteen years in these waters.

Quahauging has been first-class and our boys haven't had any trouble about shipping as they have had in many

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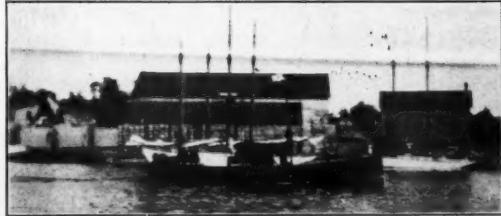
### C-O Two Fire Preventive

**F**IRE at sea has always been foremost among the hazards of fishing. When fire occurs it is not only a menace to life, but usually causes the total loss of property.

The extinguishers heretofore used have been inadequate because fires take hold of fishing vessels in places where it is impossible to fight them close to. Most fires start in the engine room and immediately spread to the bilges and behind tanks, making roaring furnaces which no one can approach with an extinguisher.

The C-O Two equipment, however, is a positive preventive of all fires, including oil. It works by releasing a harmless gas, carbon dioxide, the same stuff that is used in soda pop, around the fire. This gas removes all oxygen from the air, smothering all fire because there can be no fire without oxygen.

A steel cylinder of carbon dioxide is installed in a convenient place. This cylinder has a head with a plunger which when pushed downward punctures the head and discharges the carbon dioxide. The gas is carried by a simple piping system to the fire. The discharge can be arranged to work electrically, automatically or manually and in either case can be done from deck or pilot house.



*Kermath-Powered Fishing Boat of Tobermory, Ontario. Boats such as this, 40 ft. x 10 ft. with 35 H. P. making about 9 miles, are common in the Georgian Bay section of Lake Huron.*

### Unwarranted Use of Canadian Atlantic Coast Ports by American Vessels

BY LEWIS RADCLIFFE, Acting Commissioner,  
Dept. of Commerce Bureau of Fisheries.

**A**TLANTIC coast fishing vessel owners and captains should acquaint themselves with the following facts regarding our treaty relations with Canada and should abide by these provisions to avoid embarrassment to our government.

With the termination of the modus vivendi privileges December 31, 1923, the status of the rights of entry of our fishing vessels to Canadian ports reverted back to the treaty of 1818. Under the terms of the treaty of 1818 American fishermen are permitted to enter the bays, creeks or harbors of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America "for the purpose of shelter and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever."

During the past three years, a considerable number of vessels have sought and been granted special privileges to the embarrassment of our government. It is therefore urged that American fishermen will acquaint themselves with the treaty provisions and discontinue the practice of asking special favors of this character. Those who are unsympathetic toward the existing treaty provisions are privileged to seek redress through the negotiation of a new treaty.



### Plum Duff

Joseph C. Allen

**T**WUZ away ter sea, when the cook got sick,  
And a forem'st-hand stood the galley trick  
Till the cook was well and able,  
And the only thing that the lubber did  
Wuz ter name this grub for the for'castle kid  
As well as the cabin table.

*He cuddent read very much, ye see,  
So lookin' over the ressoppe  
He reasoned as he was lookin':  
"If R-O-U-G-H spells 'ruff',  
Then D-O-U-G-H spells 'duff',  
If not, twon't spile the cookin'!"*

*So "duff" 'twas called and it still is "duff",  
And when well-made is the only stuff  
That sailor-men always hanker,  
But when 'tis poor, waal you add a sling,  
And then you kin take the gol-darned thing  
Ter use fer a whale-boat's anchor!*

*You take yer razons, yer flour and lard  
And mix 'em up till 'tis stiff and hard,  
With risin' enough to puff it.  
Then take in hand fulls, like crokay-balls,  
And in the laig of some over hauls  
You pack it and cram and stuff it.*

*Put her on to bile, and then make yer "sass",  
Molasses, vinegar, haaf a glass  
Thinned down jest a bit with worter.  
And when they eet will the crew agree  
'Tis the best damned stuff they have et at sea;  
Ef they don't—waal they had orter!*

### Have You Wondered by Night?

George Allen England

**H**AVE you wondered, by night, at the rail  
Of a red-reeking Newfoundland sealer?  
Scarred, shoulder-butterm'st with greenheart,  
Scorning the thrust of the ice-pack!

*Spars, rig, sticks, flecked with ice-glitter,  
Silver in starshine; and quivering up-spiral  
Slow brands on lazng smoke.*

*Have you glimpsed the blanched loom of the flocs  
Heard them tormented in travail?  
Groaning, a-shudder with crashings!  
Known the knife-thrusts of the North?  
Harkened the whimper of white-coats  
Helpless on glimmering ice-pans?*

*In vasty heave of the frostbound fjord  
Cradles he crimsoned sealer, the slayer,  
Brooding the red dawn's kill.*

*Dance of ghost-lights have you seen?  
Bridges of Bifrost to Niflheim!  
Waving pale-curtained oriflammes  
Silent in frigid abysses,  
Pennons of wraith-ridden armies,  
Streamers of spectral crusaders!*

*(Continued on Page 32)*

## Fishing Notes from Maine

*(Continued from Page 23)*

smoked for winter business, and many are being pickled for winter bait.

L. A. Maker, at Criehaven has almost completed his new boat, and will soon have it in commission.

The Belfast factory at the Booth Fisheries opened early in September, and with herring coming in, a large crew of men and women are likely to have steady work putting up sardines.

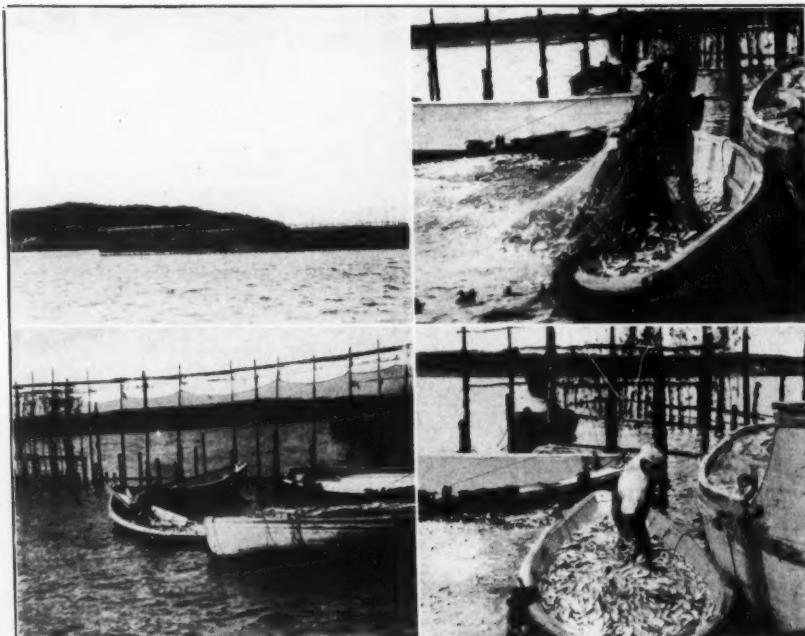
After three years of constant service the Maine Cooperative Sardine Company has been dissolved and the individual sardine producers henceforth will market their own products. The cooperative serve a useful purpose and did away with demoralizing price cutting which had been a source of trouble among the packers. Now that the season

## Lubec-Sardine Center

LUBEC is the largest town in Washington County. It is located on Lubec Narrows at the entrance to Passamaquoddy Bay, and takes in nearly one hundred miles of coastline. It is the largest producer of sardines and smoked herring in New England. Here are located factories of the Seacoast Canning Company, R. J. Peacock Canning Company, Ramsdell Canning Co., Johnson's Bay Canning Co., North Lubec Manufacturing and Canning Co., Union Sardine Co., Booth Fisheries Co. and American Can Company.

The larger number of weirs are located across the river and bay on the Canadian shores although there are many along the American coast. These pictures show weirs and herring fishing at Bailey's Mistake, so named from the fact that a fisherman set out to sail to Rockland and ran ashore at this place and the name has clung to it.

There are many fishermen around Eastport and Lubec who



Sardine

Herring Weirs

at

Bailey's Mistake

is shorter and the pack much smaller it is unlikely that there will again be any price cutting war among the packers. Formerly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 million cases were packed in a season, but recently half that number have been packed, and the product has been sold at a profit. The shortening of the season while it has not worked great losses to the factory owners has nevertheless been a very serious matter to hundreds of factory families and workers, and it has in turn reacted damagingly to shopkeepers and retailers.

While the packing of sardines has lessened, the manufacture of boneless, smoked herring has largely increased, and many people are employed in the work.

Herring have been plentiful all along, but of mixed sizes and too many of the larger size predominating, but latterly more oil size herring have been brought in and consequently the factories have been working pretty steadily and employing full crews.

It is customary at the height of the canning season to pack the fish in plain cans, and then to store them in cellars wherever the space can be rented, and then later in the winter to set the hands to work placing the cans in lithographed cartons, in readiness to be packed in cases, ready for shipping.

The canning of sardines started so late that the can manufacturing plant had an excess of cans on hand and had closed down temporarily but will soon start up again before more cans are needed.

predict that sardine consumption has reached and passed its crest and that soaked herring will have larger use. The smoked herring manufacturers eagerly grab the large size herring whenever a load is landed.

The proposed large advertising scheme for booming the use of sardines has pretty nearly fallen through, because some packers wouldn't join, but one large reason is the lack of standardization and uniformity in the pack. To succeed in nationally advertising a product it must be up to standard and the same thing wherever and whenever you buy it.

There are eight hundred to twelve hundred operatives employed in handling sardines, and when the factories are idle it is hard on these people. There are 115 small boats with a valuation of thirty-two thousand dollars. Before leaving the subject of herring, note of the use of herring scales must be made. Whenever herring are handled the scales are saved and the water in the herring dories is made to give up the herring scales. Enormous quantities are used by the Paispeal Products laboratories and the fishermen get a profit from herring scales.

There is one fish company in Lubec which takes fish from the fishermen but there is no extensive shipping of groundfish or hake. Most of the fish are used locally and in neighboring territory. Lobsters and clams are always available. Lubec is the most eastern point in the United States and although it is only three miles away from Eastport by water it is forty-two miles by road.

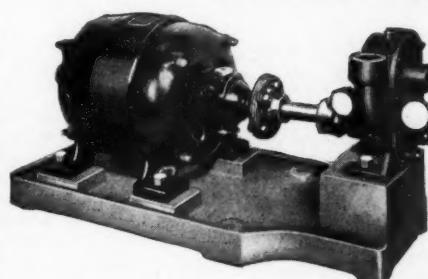
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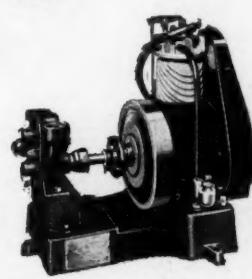
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### News from the Provinces

(Continued from Page 23)

freezing occupies about a quarter of an hour and is superior to the ordinary method which takes a day or more. The matter of the freezing of fish will be the subject of research by the experts at the station during the coming months.

Twenty-four boats are engaging in the scallop industry out of Digby, Annapolis Royal and other Bay of Fundy ports this season. The scallop fishing season opened on September 15 and a large number of the craft are already at work raking the beds out in the bay. Representing over \$100,000 in value the scallop fleet within the last few years has developed into an important branch of the fishing industry of Nova Scotia. In addition it gives employment to about 200, including the crews and boys, whose work is shocking the scallops. The total scallop catch in 1920 was 210 gallons. Last year 29,293 gallons were taken, representing a value of over \$100,000. The following fishermen own boats: Roland Wormell, Floyd Snow, Arthur Casey, Archie Ellis, Ernest Ellis, W. Towers, F. L. Anderson, H. Raymond, all of Digby; Ansel Casey, James E. Ellis, Frank Mussels, Robert Longmire, all of Port Wade; Bernard Longmire of Parker's Cove; Joseph Lester, J. Facy, George Keen, Bryce Porter, George S. Haynnes and Walton Casey, of Victoria Beach.

Scallop fishermen will be interested in the announcement, made recently, that Ronald A. Wormell, pioneer scallop fisherman of Digby, has received a patent for a new kind of scallop rake. Mr. Wormell's rakes have been in use by scallop operators of Digby for two seasons but they were not patented, although Mr. Wormell made application some time ago. It is Mr. Wormell's intention to put his rake on the market. He claims that it is superior to rakes generally in use and he is backed up in this by Digby scallop fishermen. Mr. Wormell, who is one of Digby county's most successful scallop operators, began in a small way several years ago. Today he owns one of the best boats in the business operating in the Bay of Fundy.

### Bay of Fundy Activities

(Continued from Page 24)

H. H. Marshall, fisheries overseer, stationed in Digby, N. S., recently completed a swing down the Bay of Fundy and along the south shore of Nova Scotia, making stops at all the fishing villages and towns on the way, including Weymouth, Meteghan, Comeauville, Yarmouth, Westport, Tiverton, Clark's Harbor, Liverpool, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, Mahone Bay, La Have, Shelburne, etc.

The death of Mrs. Lucinda Theriault at East Ferry, N. S., removed a woman who has been identified with the fisheries for more than seventy years. Mrs. Theriault lived to the ripe old age of ninety-one. Seventy-four years ago, as Miss Lucinda Finnegan of Long Island she became the bride of Thyson Theriault who pre-deceased her by two years. The late Mr. Theriault had been connected with the fisheries for scores of years, making his home at East Ferry. Surviving Mrs. Theriault are three sons and four daughters. The sons are: Leonard Theriault and Holland Theriault engaged in the fisheries at East Ferry, and Fred Theriault in Lynn, Mass.; the daughters are Mrs. W. H. Saunders, wife of Capt. W. H. Saunders, engaged in the Bay of Fundy fisheries for many years and now located at Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Joshua Teed, wife of Joshua Teed, engaged in the fisheries at East Ferry; Mrs. Sinclair Walker, whose husband is interested in the fisheries at Port Maitland; Mrs. Harry Ward, whose husband is a member of the Yarmouth, N. S., fire department. Right up to the last, Mrs. Theriault was keenly interested in fishing subjects and was familiar with matters pertaining to this industry. In her younger years she had often assisted her husband with his nets and boats, and also in marketing his catches.

It is not often that two vessels owned by one fish company meet in collision, but this occurred in the Bay of Fundy when the Schooner *Mona* and the Steamer *Connors Bros.* collided. However the damage caused was comparatively slight. Both are owned by Connors Bros., Ltd., of Black's Harbor and St. John, fish producers, dealers, packers, etc.

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# With Captain Bill in the North Bay

By CHARLES FREEMAN HERRICK

## A Narrative of the old Mackerel Seining Days

### Chapter V

I TOOK my gun and filled her magazine with shining cartridges, feeling that at last in spite of the peaceful and uneventful days behind us, the time had now come for action and I felt the aggressive spirit of battle moving within me. I knew at that moment if the order came from our skipper to fire that I should do so regardless of consequences.

In a short time the little cutter came up to leeward of us; hauled his jib to windward, lowered his boat and manned her with several men. They then pulled away for our schooner. When they came up near us they made careful note of the name which appeared in large gilt letters on our taffrail. Then the officer in command called out: "Who is the captain here?" A profound silence fell for a moment over our crew and everything was still save for the slight flapping of a sail in the gentle breeze or the quiet lapping of the water against the schooner's sides. Captain Bill then stepped to the rail: "I think I'm the man you're looking for; who are you, and what do you want?"

"I am an officer of the Canadian fish patrol and commander of the cutter Rover", was the reply.

"That answers only one of my questions", retorted our skipper, "I now repeat, what do you want?"

"I don't suppose you fellows know that you have been breaking the law do you?"

"To what law do you refer?" said Capt. Bill, "Is it the same law that enabled you to seize and plunder two of our fishermen" a short time ago, one of them taken on the petty charge of catching two or three small codfish with which to make a chowder for the crew, and according to evidence of both Captain and crew they were *not* inside the three mile limit at that time. I recognize no such law. Now then, how do you know we were trespassing when we made our last set? How did you measure the distance? You were five or six miles away when we made that set. We claim, and we know, that we were at least four miles from the nearest land".

The officer flushed and replied with a sneer: "We saw you fellows through the glass, we know our business and need no Yankee fisherman to instruct us. You were well inside the three mile limit, and our government stands behind our judgment in these matters; they accept our word as final".

"I thought so", said Capt. Bill grimly. "Then as I understand you, if we were fishing ten miles from shore and you for any reason, saw fit to seize our vessel there would be no appeal from your unlawful act". At that moment the man in the bow of the cutter's boat reached out with his boat hook and fastened it into our main rigging. Here Capt. Bill in a voice of thunder roared out: "Remove that boat hook" and Tom and "Long Fred" jumped quickly to the Skipper's side ready for action. The man at once removed the hook with a smothered oath.

At this the officer with a malignant grin at the two men, inquired: "Why these firearms on a fishing schooner?" Our Skipper allowed the glimmer of a smile to show on his face as he answered laconically: "I heard there were pirates roving the high seas in quest of loot, so I came prepared for them. However, enough of this! What do you propose to do? I have no further time to waste with you fellows."

"If we did our duty", the officer answered defiantly, "we should seize your vessel and cargo". "I wouldn't advise you to make the attempt", said Capt. Bill shortly.

"Well, since you are so sure of the distance from land when you made that catch, I shall let you go this time, but I shall place your case on file with our superior officers". "Thanks", said Capt. Bill with a grin, "I rather thought you would". At this, Bennie, who could no longer restrain a Yankee's right to free speech, and with a snort of derision, shouted to the occupants of the now reeding boat: "Godfrey Mighty, what a brave lot. File away and be damned to yer."

We watched the boat as she was rowed slowly back to the cutter, and saw the men as they climbed on board. They at once righted their wheel and sailed away in toward Malpeque.

When the *Augusta E.* was once more on her course, heading off to the eastward the men descended to the forecastle to talk matters over.

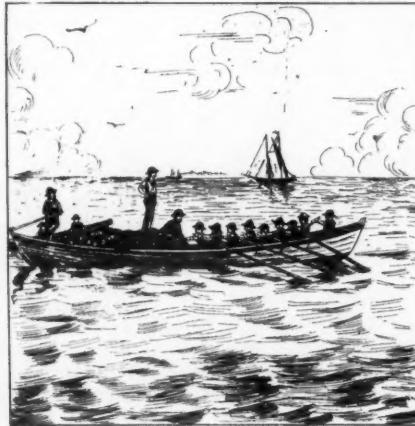
Nub was ready for us with his jokes. "Well", said he, "Has the roll been called? I see no break in the ranks; I bet the last one of you will answer the call for dinner." He chuckled as he removed a big pan of biscuits from the oven. "Where's your gun, Nub?" asked Flippy. "Nub don't need any gun", broke in Bennie, "Godfrey Mighty! With one pan of his biscuits he could cripple the whole Navy". "Huh" grunted Nub, "Not with your appetite around, I couldn't". "Say boys," said Tom, "Did you see that fellow pull that boat hook from the main rigging when the Skipper bellowed at him?" "Judas Priest!" exclaimed Uncle Harris, that youngster won't grow any more for one year, I know". "Guess he thought he was shot", said Sadler. "Wal", drawled Long Fred, "He would have been in a minute more if the Skipper'd said the word".

Here Nub, with the second pan of biscuits ready to pop in the oven, paused to say: "Would you have "Honest to God" fired, Fred, if you had had the chance?" "Would I?" and "Long Fred" brought his mighty fist down with such a wallop as to set the dishes dancing on the table. "Durn it! Nub, I've been sailing with Capt. Bill for six years and never disobeyed an order yet, and you know yourself Nub, that none of us is in love with them cutter fellers, especially when they hand out the line of talk we heard today. If the Skipper had given the word I'd have worked a buttonhole in one of them durn pirates quicker'n you could spit."

Here Albee, whose pride it was to manipulate the little cannon, said: "None of you fellows would have needed any gun if the Skipper had allowed me to rip a shot from the little six pounder into that "Cunaker's" waterline. God!" he muttered, disgustedly, "What a chance I had when she was close up under our lee; I could have drove a shot in one side and out the other of her old spruce carcass".

Here, Uncle Leazer from his snug seat up near the pawl post, who up to this moment had been a silent, though deeply interested, listener to our conversation, now spoke with his usual slow, measured drawl: "Wal, boys, I reckon we're not done with them air gentlemen yet; I tell yer mates, they'd have took our schooner today only they was a scared to; I tell yer them new guns did shine fearful, and I callate it made them cutter fellers nervous, but they'll try to get us again, now yew see if they don't." Then he lit his pipe and lapsed into silence having expressed his views at great length, for him.

"Wild Archie", who was the poet and philosopher of the crew, now cried: "That's right, Uncle Leazer, what you



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### With Captain Bill in the North Bay

say sounds like truth to me". He here quoted with great effect:

"A wise old owl lived in an oak,  
The more he heard, the less he spoke  
The less he spoke, the more he heard  
Surely, he was a wise old bird."

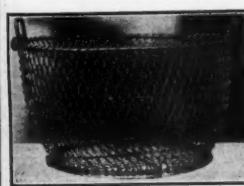
This brought an answering chuckle from Uncle Leazer, but he said no more.

The next few days were uneventful except for the catching of a few more small schools of fish, which were taken care of in the usual way. One morning as we were laying becalmed we noticed a heavy black bank gathering in the north and northeast. I heard the Captain remark: "I don't like the looks of the barometer; she's dropping fast", and Uncle Harris, taking a long look at the black bank, said: "I wouldn't be surprised if we got something out of that before long."

Uncle Leazer, who was sitting on the cabin house, leisurely filling his pipe from a small bit of plug tobacco, gazed at the sky from all points of the compass, finally his eyes came to rest on the heavy clouds in the north and east; he continued his scrutiny for some moments then he observed: "We're going to have some wind out of that, and before long, too; now yew see if we don't." "It does look kinder nasty, Uncle Leazer, and that's a fact", said Mickey. "But let her come, we were here first, anyway; guess a little summer squall won't hurt us much."

"Wal", replied Uncle Leazer, "If that's all it is, 'a summer squall', 'twon't hurt us much as you say, but"—he shook his head solemnly. "The summer squalls in this bay sometimes turns into an easterly, and usually when it does it means something". He lit his pipe and said: "Guess I'll go down and see what Nub's got for dinner."

(To be Continued.)



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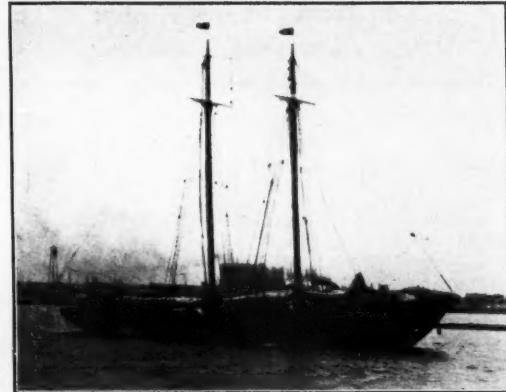
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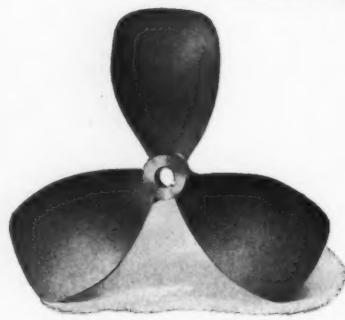
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Fig. 70

Lane Fish Basket.

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Heavy Lane-woven Duck  
Tough Leather Binding**

*The Basket with the  
Long Life.*

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*Manufacturers*

Poughkeepsie

New York

**With the Vineyard Fishermen**

*(Continued from Page 24)*

places, and now as the month begins to sag away to loord, there comes a few more encouraging things.

The scup, which disappeared for a while, came back and gave the hookers the two biggest weeks of the season. The squiteague and blues are sticking to the bitter end, cod are running fine out on the ledges, and are of fine, fancy sizes this fall and just a few days ago some of the gang re-located the sea-scallop beds again and a flood of these critters are beginning to pour into the markets.

There's a little news that has broken adrift, now that the boys are ashore now and then, sort of getting their wind for another go at the fish. They are having a chance to tell us about the breeze they struck on Georges on the 27th of last month. Our vessels were all out there and some of the folks felt rather uneasy, but they all came through.

None of 'em had any Sunday School picnic and Capt. Abe Osborn is carrying his larboard flipper in a sling even now, as the result of an accident that occurred during the blow. A drum of oil slipped from its lashings and was thrown into the air when a sea boarded his schooner, striking Captain Osborn in the shoulder. It didn't break any bones but it used the skipper up for a while. Then he used his iron and that set him back again, so that now he isn't able to do a thing with the old fin.

The big sea that boarded him came over the stern and took the man at the wheel over the rail, but being lashed, he got back. It also washed Captain Osborn forward and would have taken him over the bow but he jammed under the drum of the windlass.

Bill Fisher, one of the crew who is built on the lines of a hay-barge, that is good and beamy, was standing with his head shoved down the for'castle companion-way. The sea struck him right under the counter and jammed him into that companion-way so tight that he kept almost all of the water out.

There is a belief among our boys that the Cape Shore swordfishing is knocked to pieces as far as they are concerned by the recent enactment of a Canadian law which forbids a U. S. vessel to operate from a Canadian port. The boys say that they have always been in the habit of running in to the Nova Scotia ports at night and going out in the morning, paying a fee of twenty-five cents for entering and clearing. But this cannot be done any more, they say.

This report would be far from complete without mention of Bob Flander's three-hundred-pound tarpon and Percy Tilton's sword-fish iron, both of these lads hail from Chilmark. Bob's fish was an old soaker and was taken in his trap on Sept. 13. Its scales measured two and three-quarters of an inch across.

As for the iron, it is a three-pronged "grains" each prong carrying a regular lily. Percy says that he has never failed to iron his fish with this, and on two occasions, it has been with an outside iron.

**Mug-Up Yarns**

*(Continued from Page 25)*

*Lo! where one outcast star, ablaze,  
Splashes keen-trailing scars of flame  
Swift-shot through splendors supernal!*

*Stars of the North, frost-embrasures  
Pierced in vast vaultings of night!  
Glories of Asgard flame through!  
Was that the gleam of a Valkyr's steel?  
Glint of Thor's hammer almighty?*

*Have you beheld the naked North,  
Ivory-breasted, virgin-pure?  
Have you wondered, by night, at the rail  
Of a red-reeking Newfoundland sealer?*

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